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THE OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN MARYLAND, AND FOR TEN YEARS THE ONLY ONE.

AND NEW FARM.

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I USED TO KILL BIRDS.
BY M. C. EDWARDS.

I used to kill birds in my boyhood,
Bluebirds and robins and wrens,
I hunted them up in the mountains,
I hunted them down in the glens.
I never thought it was sinful—
I did it only for fun—
And I had rare sport in the forest
With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one clear day in the spring time
I spied a brown bird in a tree,
Merrily swinging and chirping,
As happy as bird could be,
And raising my gun in a twinkling,
I fired, and my aim was too true;
For a moment the little thing fluttered,
Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
And there to my sorrow I found,
Right close to its nest full of young ones,
The little bird dead on the ground!
Poor birdies! for food they were calling;
But now they could never be fed,
For the kind mother-bird who had loved them
Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
I stroked the wee motherly thing
That could nevermore feed its dear young
ones,
Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
And I made a firm vow in that moment,
When my heart with such sorrow was
stirred,
That never again in my lifetime
Would I shoot a poor innocent bird!
—Selected.

FARMERS AND THE PRESS.

They don't care much about it. As a general thing it does not commend itself to them by the subjects it brings to their notice. Talking with a large number of farmers at the Agricultural Fairs during the past month or two, we have heard the above sentences spoken many times. Not in these very words, of course; but in words with this meaning.

One meets a very good type of the average farmer at the county fairs, and

when talking with them we can get a reasonable idea of the general sentiments of the mass.

Occasionally a farmer will deplore the lack of enterprize of his class, and assert that the great body of farmers have no disposition to read anything in the way of papers, books or pamphlets. Such have said to us that agricultural literature is a mistake and nothing short of a sledge-hammer could drive any new thing into the heads of farmers.

We do not believe this, because the very farmer with whom we may be talking is a witness against it; for he is only one of many who both appreciate and profit by an advanced agricultural literature.

It is true, however, in a measure, that the press does not always contribute those subjects which are most important to farmers' interests. We have very often wondered what the vast majority of farmers care for those extremely juvenile directions for the monthly work of ploughing, planting, weeding, cultivating and harvesting the various crops, which have appeared every year since we first began to spell out words in two syllables, and which might as well have been stereotyped fifty years ago, for the annual use of newspapers.

Perhaps now and then some city wanderer may wish to live in the country and be ignorant enough to desire some of these directions; but even then every seed catalogue which he can get by sending a postal card request for it, will give him all the necessary information.

The press, to interest the farmer, must take up those things which he can turn to his own benefit and treat upon subjects which belong to his better life of heart and mind and home. It must, also, keep fully up to the times and never be afraid to express an honest and definite opinion on

everything which will add to the happiness and success of the farmers' life.

We have heard a great deal about the want of disposition upon the part of farmers to read; but we have also been able to know from observation that a very large number of farmers, comparing favorably with any other class, make it a point to read their periodicals and are very well versed on the subjects to which those papers are devoted.

They do not, perhaps, give as much attention as they should to purely agricultural papers, because they are themselves too large to rest on the very narrow gauge on which too many such papers are running.

The agricultural press must widen its scope, and take in every department of our modern life, if it would meet the great needs of the farmers' mind. It is no longer possible to represent a single phase of farm work, when this age has made of us many-sided and great-souled in comparison with those of the past.

Humanity of to-day is more sacred in all its possibilities of improvement than ever before, and a broad and generous recognition of the varied phases of this life must be in the press of to-day, to feed the great liberality of thought and practice which belong to the farmers' growth.

We belong to the great humanity. Each farmer, looking upon the fields which surround his home, realizes that he is only one among the great multitude of human beings, who are striving to make this life a source of greater happiness in the years to come; and he feels that to do this he must know of every step which the world is taking in the way of progress.

Such are the life of farmers of to-day; and when our agricultural journals can prove themselves broad enough to satisfy a tenth part of the longings in this modern human heart of ours, for progress,

prosperity and happiness, they will have no cause to say farmers do not care to read.

They do care to read; if you can give them something worth reading. A bright day is dawning upon this world with the inflowing of all the great elements of good which shall reach every soul of the great humanity, and the farmers are not behind other mortals in their willingness to obtain the blessings.

Still at Work.

The Trusts are still boldly and earnestly at work, closing up manufactures, sugar refineries, &c., throwing hundreds—yes, thousands—of laborers out of employment for the coming winter, in order to lessen production and increase prices. When will the people learn that these things concern every man, woman and child in our country? We hope that every one of our readers will add his utmost strength towards securing such laws as will utterly destroy these malicious combinations. They are bold enough to defy us, while they openly acknowledge their purposes to defraud us. They believe their millions of dollars will overawe our law makers. Let us have men who will not be servants to them for money or station—men of integrity and honor—to make honest laws.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

We record here that we have been earnestly in favor of this additional advisor of the President in the Cabinet. We have not expected that the promotion of the Department to this merely honorary position, would be felt immediately throughout the whole country as a decided improvement on the former administration.

In many, if not all respects the old routine work of the Agricultural Department will continue.

The farming interests, however, will have their especial representative at the council board, and the ear of the President at cabinet meetings may occasionally be reached with fresh tidings from his farmer citizens.

If not now, great interests are certain to be discovered in the future where the Secretary of Agriculture will become an important factor in the cabinet.

We hail this, also, as one of the quiet steps towards the incoming of a farmer—with all the interests of farmers in his heart—to the presidency of our republic.

We hope the day will come when something beside lawyers or generals will be worthy of a place in the White House; and when the best records will be scored by the farmer's candidates for the highest offices in the gift of our country.

For the Maryland Farmer.

AT THE FAIR.

BY MRS. JOHN GREEN.

John said to me one night, "Sallie, we being members of the Farmers' Club of Pleasantville, don't you think we ought to go to the county fair?"

I said "Well, maybe so; I havn't thought of going though."

"Well, I think" says John, "we had better go."

"All right," says I.

"Let's get ready and go to-morrow."

I says, "Well."

So we went to bed early that night knowing we should need all our strength to walk about the grounds next day. Well, we got started at 7 o'clock in the morning. It was about 8 o'clock when we got there. I thought we would be the first ones on the grounds; but my! there were hundreds of people there before us.

The first thing in order was to go and look at all the vegetables. There was a grand lot of them—of all kinds and splendid ones too. I found some large beets and I wanted John to see them because we grew some just like them once. We wanted some for table use, so John got some seeds and planted them and they grew! and grew!! and I began to think they would never stop growing! I told John that that ground must be too hard for them as they grew all out of the ground! Well, I found some just like them at the fair and when I showed them to John, he said, "Yes, those are the Mangle-something-or-other."

And I told him "Yes, I thought they were mangle something, by the way they looked, all rough and! and!! well, not fit to eat."

He said "They are for cows."

Then there were squashes, and cucumbers, and potatoes, and lots of other things, large enough for giants to eat.

I said to John, "Why don't they have fruit and such things?"

And he said "They have; they are in the house with the household things."

So we went over there. It was another large house. When we got there the judges had been awarding premiums on some of the things. In one part of the room they had all kinds of cooking; there were the nicest kinds of bread, and cakes, and pies, and pickles, and preserves, and meats of all kinds. I asked John if the men or the women were the judges on the eating kind of things? and he said, "The men of course, Why?"

And I said, "I thought so, as I see they have nearly eaten the hams and cakes and other goodies up, tasting of them." And then I guess they didn't know which was the best; for I saw the remains of a large ham which I thought they had had a hard time judging; but it

looked so good I thought it would not have taken me long to pass judgment upon it!

After we had been there sometime I began to feel hungry and asked John if he didn't think they needed some one to help judge that hadn't been eating so much as they seemed to have eaten? You see I thought it might be hard work for them to tell which was the best, and a fresh hand, or rather mouth, might help things along; but he said I had better wait until next year.

Then John says to me, "Sallie, have you been to see the cattle?"

And I said, "No! I hadn't seen any, only the U. S. Army horses, and Cleveland's, and Harrison's, and Fisk and Brook's, and Belva Lockwood's horses." I thought they were all pretty smart looking horses; but if the candidates looked like that I thought Belva L. would be our next President.

And John and a friend with him just laughed until I began to think I should have to call help. But after a spell, John says, "Why Sallie, those don't belong to the fair!"

I said, "They dont? Why? I thought everything belonged to it, people and all, for they all looked that way."

Then John said, "Let's go and look at the pigs."

There were not a great many of them, but they were all clean and good looking. There were red pigs, and black pigs, and white pigs, and big pigs, and little pigs. The little pigs looked the best, but there was one old H-O-G there, and I heard some men say he was a beauty! so I went back and took another look at him and then I looked at the men again and then at the H-O-G, but I didn't say anything.

After a while John asked me what I thought of them? And I said, "Well, I suppose they are all 'beauties!'" but give

me one of those gentle and meek looking lambs."

Then we turned away to look at the cows and other critters. They were what are called Jerseys. They are rather small cows, but look like good gentle cows. I told John I thought they had all been fixed up to come to the fair as some of them had blue ribbons on their horns, and others red, and others different colors.

I said, "That is right, put on the best you can when you go away from home, then you are more sure of taking the first premiums."

There were a great many very attractive things on the grounds, but there were some things that I could not see where the agricultural display came in. For instance, there was the army with their big guns booming away, and then there was a colored minstrel troupe, making more noise than music, and a lot of other things to help make a show. Then there was Senator Gorman, for another great attraction; but I don't think he was very attractive, as I never heard he was there until after John and I got home. I felt very sorry that I did not know he was there, for it must have been quite a sight to see him. I heard he had his picture taken with the tent of the He-No-Tea Company for a background. That tent was one of the prettiest on the grounds and one of the greatest attractions. The Tea that they so generally gave to the people was pronounced good by the judges of country tea drinkers. I think it must have been good as I saw John going the second time for some, and he knows when tea is good. He wanted me to have some but I never did like tea. But I told him I would like one of those cups and saucers to hang up in our parlor at Pleasantville as a sort of memento of the fair.

The day seemed a very long one, so I

said to John "What do you think about going home?"

He said, "Well, Sallie, I am glad to hear you say that, for I am almost dead, I am so tired."

I said, "Well, let's go. We have seen everything we wanted to." But I would have stayed longer and tried to see Senator Gorman had I known he was there; for I suppose he was brought there to be looked at the same as the other live stock was. But we went home well satisfied with the day and ourselves.

After we got home I asked John what he thought of it? He said, "Well, Sallie, I think it is a good thing for those that have anything to sell, and for the large farmers; but for us and others that only go to see, I think all day most too long. Now what do you think?"

I told him I was going to write to the MARYLAND FARMER what I thought of it.

He said, "That is right, I guess that they will like to hear about it."

This was my first appearance at one of these fairs. It was all new to me; I think it was a pretty good fair; everything seemed to have been done that could be for the comfort of all; and one of the greatest and grandest things was, that there was not a drop of liquor on the grounds, which speaks words of gold and wisdom for the committee that had the arrangements in their hands. Surely the world is moving in the right direction. This bringing together the farmers and people to get better acquainted with each other is a great and good thing. I felt as the countryman did that went to New York. He thought he must speak to everyone the same as he did at home and so be found at night he had done nothing but bow to the people all day. Well, I felt as though I would just like to shake hands with all of those old farmers and

their good wives and thank them for the noble part they were taking on this great platform of the world's exhibition. Go on in your good works and in the end the people shall cry aloud, and bend the knee to all good farmers.

How Shall I Vote?

1. In favor of your own special interests.
2. To rednce your taxes.
3. Against adding to the funds of millionaire capitalists.
4. Against monopolists, whether of corporations or individuals.
5. Against "Trusts" always.
6. In favor of economic administration of the Government, and taxes only for such economical expenditure.
7. Against taking money from your pocket to give to manufacturers, as a bonus to their lives of idleness and pleasure.
8. Against subsidizing any man or body of men (able to earn their own living) at your expense.
9. To do away with every tax upon you which is not an absolute necessity, or of positive advantage to you.
10. Keep these points fresh in your minds.

For the Maryland Farmer.

VANDALS.

FROM OUR SAN DIEGO CORRESPONDENT.

A few weeks ago we went down to the boundary between Mexico and the United States. We visited the monument marking this boundary. It stands on the line which divides California from Lower California and was put there jointly by the United States and Mexico. It is of white marble about 25 feet high. Once it

was polished and had inscriptions on it in English and Spanish; but relic hunters—the real vandals of this nineteenth century—have mutilated it by knocking pieces off, cutting their names and drawing pictures on it, until the poor thing looks as if it had had the small pox, and you can scarcely read the inscriptions. Of course one-half is in the United States and the other half in Mexico. It stands about one quarter of a mile from the ocean on the first high ground, where the tide wont reach it.

E. W. S.

A GOOD TIME TO PAINT.

As soon as the weather becomes cold enough to make the flies and other winged insects keep their wings closed, it will be a good time to buy a lot of paint and paint the house and other farm buildings. Lead is low and oil lower than it has been for many years, and probably lower than it will be a few months hence, if business starts up, as many predict it will. For inside work in colors, it may be well to use the mixed paints now sold by all dealers. They can be matched at any time, and as they come prepared for rapid drying, any one of ordinary skill and a little practice can use them, but for plain, outside work it will probably be cheaper to buy the raw linseed oil and lead or zinc and mix to the proper consistency. Paint not only makes a building look a great deal better, and preserves it from decay, but it renders it actually warmer by stopping the hundreds of little openings between the clapboards or other covering material.

Even the winter is a good time for the farmer to paint his own buildings. Much of the work can be done by the ordinary intelligent help of the farm, and if hired by the year as farm help should be, the cost will be much less than if the job were

let out to a professional. It requires a little practice to draw window sashes neatly, but a neat person will soon learn. In extreme cold weather, paint the cold sides of the buildings in the middle of mild days and the sunny sides can be painted at any time. If the preservation of the wood is the main object, use plenty of oil, but if looks is of importance, there must be lead or other material enough to give a "body" that will cover well. For a good residence we would use only good material, but for rough out buildings something cheaper will answer. Mr. J. J. Thomas of Union Springs, N. Y., is a strong advocate of crude petroleum for saturating the covering of all farm buildings, including the shingles on the roof. He would apply it liberally in two or three coats, and afterwards paint with lead and oil for the looks. Prof. Knapp of the Iowa Agricultural College, has experimented with petroleum and linseed oil in the proportion of three parts of the former to one part of the latter, with the cheap mineral paints for a body, and finds it not only cheap but durable and otherwise satisfactory.

The tendency of petroleum is to penetrate the grain of wood and thus give no room for water to soak in, while the linseed oil and mineral paints form a body that covers the surface and gives a uniform color. Lime wash, so often recommended for out buildings, is a very good fair weather paint, but it is almost worthless for keeping out water, besides a building covered with it always looks badly whenever it is wet. As cheap as oils are now, it is far better to use some kind of oil for painting any outside work that is worth painting at all. And while about it, the farm wagons and carts ought to have one or two good coats of paint spread over them during the winter. In still weather, carriages may be painted in the open air, though a good, clean, airy room that can

be kept free from dust is to be preferred. It is good economy to use paint freely and often, and there is no better time to use it than during the cold half of the year.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Keeping Blossoms.

Our San Diego Correspondent writes: "A lady told me she had a "Night Blooming Cereus." When the blossom began to show signs of wilting, she cut it from the plant with as long a stem as she could and put it in boiling hot water. It increased in size and beauty for three days. She changed the water every day. Then it began to fade; but she kept it a whole week by this means before she had to throw it away. I have heard before that to put the stems of wilted flowers into boiling water would restore them. Try it."

E. W. S.

CARP CULTURE.

Some ideas in carp culture have been so long practiced that they may be regarded as established rules. One of these is, that other fish should, if practicable, be excluded from the pond. They destroy the carp eggs, and many of them will also destroy the young carp. More than this, other fish would consume the food which would otherwise go to the carp. The farmer does not grow all kinds of plants together, but selects the plant that it will pay best to raise on each particular piece of ground. The weeds must also be kept out, as they take the nutriment from the plants.

Now, if we call other fish, other plants and muskrats, turtles, frogs, etc., the weeds, the illustration is complete.

It will pay to stock ponds from which other fish cannot be excluded, but such large results cannot be obtained in these

places as where carp have the whole space.

Where it is practicable, therefore, all ponds should be drained and other fish destroyed before being stocked with carp.

Artificial ponds or lakes should be provided with a drain pipe or boxing running from the lowest point in the pond bottom to a point on the outside that is low enough to let *all* the water run out.

This is another established rule—that ponds should be capable of being laid entirely dry at will. Other fish may get in. Enemies may greatly increase, or a wholesale marketing of the fish may be desired. In any of these cases a draining of the pond might be necessary.

In Germany ponds are regularly drained every two or three years, and the fish placed in smaller ponds until marketed. This is done in the fall, so that the winter rains may again fill the pond before being re-stocked with small fish in the spring.

There are several devices for letting off the water through the drain-pipe. One of the safest, though perhaps not the handiest, is a chimney of brick or plank, standing about half way up the slope on the water side of the dam and connecting with the drain pipe below. The chimney's side next the water is left out, and short pieces of boards are laid horizontally across from the bottom up. The earth is packed against these boards, and when the pond is to be drained the boards and earth are removed as the water recedes. A box around the earth keeps it to its place when the pond is full, and it also takes less clay.

Where there is a cold spring running into a pond, it is desirable to have the water that is constantly leaving the pond come from the bottom. This removes the cold water which has, by its weight, settled to the bottom, to the benefit of the

carp. A device for "bottom overflow" is a pipe coming from the bottom of the pond up the side of the dam as high as the surface of the water should be, and there passing through the dam and down the outside. There should be enough earth above it to keep it securely from the frost. In ponds with no constant overflow, it should be placed in the side of the hill *around* the end of the dam, and never *over* it, and its size should correspond with the amount of water that is liable to come through at any time. The longer and leveler the dirt ditch is made the less it will wash. A ditch around the pond to the inflow is desirable where there is danger of the pond filling up from the sediment that is continually washed down from plowed fields, etc. With a board-gate the water may be turned from the pond into the ditch, or the contrary way, at option.

In selecting a site for a pond, the location with most natural advantages is generally chosen. The depression that may be drained, and that will take the least earth from the dam, will be easily told even by the inexperienced eye, though practice brings great proficiency in this. Then there should be care that the bottom will hold water, which sand will not do. It will do no harm to dig down through the muck in several places and examine the bottom. If springs come to the surface in the bottom or in the vicinity it would indicate that the bottom is good, otherwise they soak away before reaching the top.

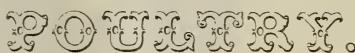
It will digress from the order so far followed to speak of the spawning. The spawning may be known by the fish swimming near the edge, in the vegetation of the pond. They go in twos and threes, the female emitting the eggs and the male milting them. They lash the water at times and are quite tame so they may be

THE MARYLAND FARMER.

almost taken with the hand. This continues, especially on warm mornings, for several days, and is prolonged or delayed by cool weather and storms.

If it is desired to hatch as large a number of young fish as possible, then, first, there should be plenty of vegetation a few inches under the water for the eggs to adhere to, as all that fall to the ground are lost. If this is lacking, then hemlock or willow boughs or bunches of shavings,

coarse straw, etc., should be placed in the water in one part of the pond. The fish will seek this to spawn over, and the eggs will be saved. Second, enemies, such as ducks, snakes, frogs, turtles, etc., should be kept within bounds, and the fish fed to keep them from eating the eggs, especially if the food supply is comparatively small. In five to eight or more days the young fish appear, and a few days after, may be fed on middlings or cracker dust.—W. S. RITCHIE in *Home and Farm*.



For the Maryland Farmer.

CHICKEN THOUGHTS.

Mr. Editor:—You have asked me to give you some of my experience about the chicken business, which has occupied my time and attention for the last three years. Not having written at all for the papers it is not to be expected that I will be able to write as well, or express my experiences as fully as one more accustomed to the work.

My work has been expended for the most part upon raising spring chickens with the incubator for the Philadelphia and New York markets—mostly for Philadelphia, however, as I have been unable to make as good arrangements in New York as I could wish.

I have used what is commonly known as the “hot water incubators” and have found them far preferable to any others. The points are that there is not the slightest danger of fire, no smell of oil, no trimming and filling of lamps, and much less anxiety than with any other about uniformity of heat. After I get it regulated in the beginning of the season, the heat is kept regulated until late in

the spring, and the boiling water is added only twice in 24 hours. The amount of water to take away and the amount to add, I had to learn from trial, and it depends much upon the packing around the tank. I have one surrounded with eight inches of sawdust, and I could make that one regular, at one change of water in the 24 hours; but I generally give it twice—the same as the others. I use a tin bucket which holds the desired quantity to draw out and to add.

I generally commence my incubator in October and it is running now while I write; but a great many do not commence until November thinking that one month saving of feed is a set-off against extra growth or extra earliness without higher prices.

The most important thing about the incubator, I have found to be the thermometer. It must be a first class one, thoroughly tested, to insure the best success.

Some place a pan of water and a sponge under the egg drawer for moisture, and then allow that to answer for the hatch, only being sure to keep a supply of water

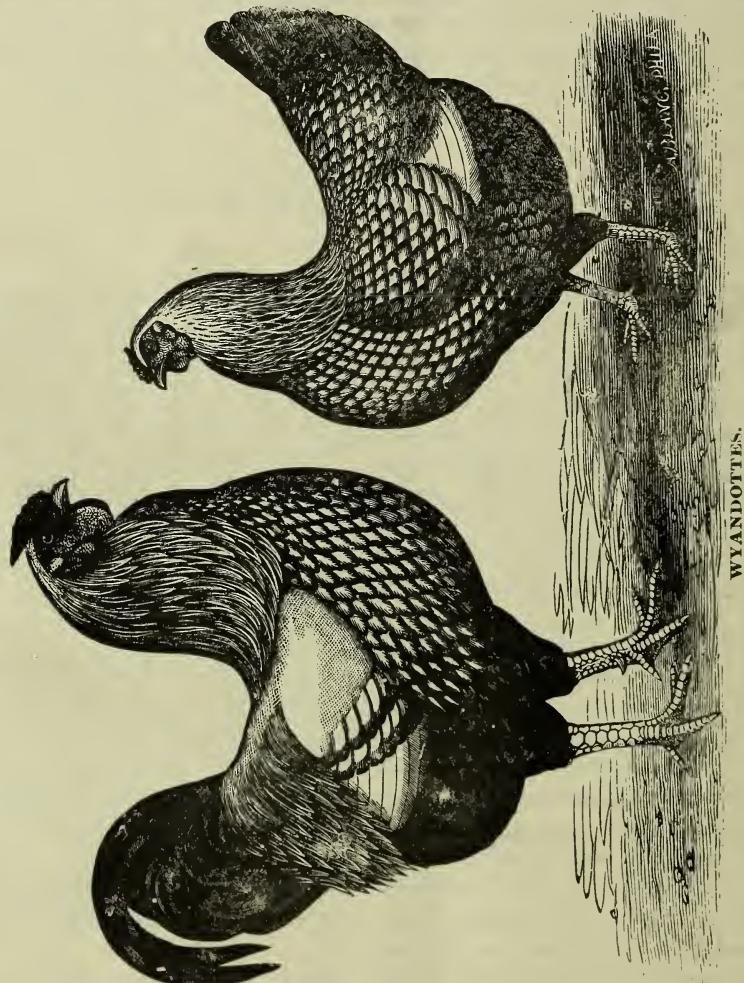
in the pan. I have found much better results in addition to sprinkle the eggs with warm, or tepid water from one to three times a day as the time draws near for hatching.

I will be obliged to say nothing as to my success now; but it has been satisfactory in every way. CAROLINE.

Hannonton, N. J.

Editor. If your letter had been received the first of October I should have written the same.

Much that is written about testing the eggs and boiling those not fertile is of very little account. It is generally best to run the incubator as you would a hen—give it the eggs and get what chicks you can from it.



For the Maryland Farmer.

EARLY CHICKS.

To secure the best prices, eggs should be put into the incubators now, Mr.

I have found it to be quite as much of a lottery as is the hen, and with ordinary management I get from 60 to 70 per cent of chicks.

I use the hot water incubator because

it is less trouble than any other and does not require any attention in the night time as do all others I have seen.

In order to get the best prices I get my chicks on the market as soon as the first bright days of spring come, and I generally find the market bare, and mine go for very fancy prices, 75 cts. to \$1.00.

The very early market is not supplied at all, and mine are scarcely "a drop in the bucket," when I do my best. I run five incubators from October 1st, to May 15th—the incubators holding from 75 to 300 eggs.

As to the troubles, they are of little account. It is scarcely any harder to run five than to run one. When you have become acquainted with the routine of work, you go through it with very little exertion and as "a matter of course."

I do not, however, advise anyone to start out with more than one incubator and try it very thoroughly before expecting to do a large business.

I look back upon my experience sometimes with a great deal of merriment; but it is not worth writing about.

When you buy an incubator you will get the very best of directions as to its management, and after that you must use your common sense and experiment a little for improvement. JANE ANN.

Vineland, N. J.

For the Maryland Farmer.

OUR SAN DIEGO CORRESPONDENT

WRITES ABOUT CHICKENS.

You know we had resolved to have chickens, and after some delay we were fortunate to obtain a dozen hens and a rooster from an immigrant. She called them Plymouth Rocks and they have the appearance of the pictures of that kind of chicken.

You are aware that we know compar-

atively little about chickens and although we have begun to read about them, practically we feel ourselves very little versed as to their care and treatment.

After doing remarkably well in the laying of eggs they made up their minds to sit and we accommodated some of them, with the result of a flock of little downy chicks, which are as cunning as they can be.

We wanted very much to break up the remainder and tried to recall to our minds everything we had ever read or heard about it. We remembered that you had a prison in which you used to place them, and we instituted one; but the first time



WHITE LEGHORN.

they were let out they hunted up a nest and commenced to sit again.

Someone told me to tie a red rag on their tails. This we did, and they ran around the yard for a while as if they were crazy. They soon became exhausted and then they went on to the nest again, red rag and all.

We put them in prison again and fed them on water for three days and then they had forgotten to sit when we liberated them. The prison is empty now for

the first time in weeks. So experience has taught us to feed hens, that persist in sitting, on water for a few days and they come out all right. Nothing like learning from experience.

Chickens and eggs sell here for a good price; but there seem to be only a few of these in the country and nothing like enough to supply the demand. Some of the late comers, however, have brought a few with them and our own are increasing rapidly. We have pullets now six months old, and they will begin to lay very soon.

All the year round they need no protection from the weather except a chance to get out of the heaviest storms. Cold weather we have none to speak of and it should be the very paradise for poultrymen.

E. W. S.

From the Country Gentleman.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS AND BROWN LEGHORNS.

In company with a great many other people who have given the different breeds a fair trial, we have come to the conclusion that the Plymouth Rocks and the Brown Leghorns are the best fowls in the world.

Neither excels in every particular, but the two kinds complement each other. And as we raise chickens only for home use, we do not care to keep the breeds separate, so both are put together in the same yard.

The Brown Leghorns are almost non-sitters, and have been called everlasting layers, while the Plymouth Rocks are good brooders, excellent mothers, and when you get into a good strain, the young are very healthy, grow rapidly, and are ready for the table within two months after they are hatched.

The Leghorns produce a great many

more eggs in winter, but in the spring the Plymouths make a fair race with them until the brooding fever sets in, when everything else is forgotten. Then comes the most troublesome time, for probably, half-a-dozen hens set their hearts on the same nest, and they are all so much alike that if you set one you can't tell by next day which that one was. But they are the best-tempered, softest-feathered, gentlest old things, never flying off their nests and cackling like something distracted every time you enter the hen house, or trying to peck the blood out of your hands when you lift them up to count their eggs! They ruffle up their feathers it is true, but that is only to impress you with a due sense of their importance, for if your hand is thrust boldly under their downy breasts they only utter a querulous little complaint at being disturbed, and settle themselves more carefully in their nests.

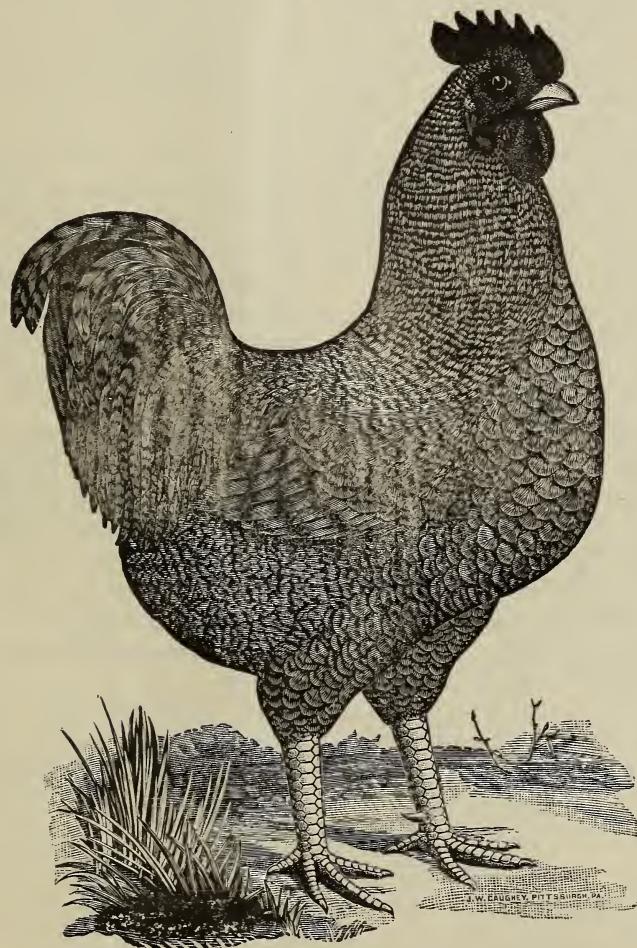
As mothers, the conduct of the Plymouths is irreproachable, if we except the amiable weakness of being somewhat covetous. When several hens are put out with young chickens, the strongest will take the lion's share whether she can hover them all or not. Each hen wants every little one she sees; I have known them even to adopt little strays several days older than their own.

From the first, the little Leghorns are much more active, "shifty," as the darkies say, than the Plymouths. Put both kinds into a basket and the slender little brown heads are the first to peep out, and before you know it they have found the way out and are running over the floor hunting for something to eat. They will begin to eat, too, a whole day before the fluffy little blue balls think of anything except nestling down in a warm place, looking very fat, clumsy, and contented.

When they are put out in the yard, the little Leghorns are still the first in

learning their way into the feeding coop ; not that they can eat more, but they are ambitions of getting the first peck ; they are much more hardy, too, and insist upon a wider range. Notwithstanding the great activity of the Brown Leghorns in search of food, or perhaps because of it, they are of much slower growth, requiring

wanted. They are great foragers, in fact they are never still a minute except when asleep, while the Plymouths do not take any more steps than necessary, but after they are fed will sit down comfortably in the shade to rest and grow, so that no matter how long and gawky a young cockerel looks he is always fat. Our cooks say the



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

at least a month longer in getting ready for the frying-pan or gridiron.

It seems to me that they stay small on purpose so as to be able to creep through the cracks of the garden palings, and slip into all sorts of places where they are not

Plymouths are as easy to dress as white chickens, and they always look plump and shapely on the table.

Occasionally a pure Leghorn hen takes a notion to sit ; her disposition is then what you might call "fractious," and she

lets you know right away that she does not want to be disturbed. It is not worth while, however, to give her any eggs, for it is not probable she will continue in that frame of mind long enough to hatch them. If, by any accident though, she should get a few chickens, she will wean them long before they are old enough, and go singing around by herself, preparatory to laying. The highest ambition of the hens is to lay and the roosters to crow, and as they throw their whole souls into this it is no wonder they excel. Still, I think their race would become extinct if it depended upon them for propagation. It reminds me of what used to be said of the Devon cows—a common cow must be kept to raise the calves.

The Leghorn cocks are great fighters and are exceedingly meddlesome; so we do not keep any of them—all the males are pure Plymouth Rock. The half-Leghorn hens are good in every respect, seem to combine the most desirable characteristics of both breeds, being excellent layers, of a fair size, and pretty good mothers. One has just brought up a pretty brood of twelve little chickens, which she hatched down at the corn-crib. After it comes to one-fourth, or one-eighth, the mixture is not at all desirable; then the old stock had better be killed off and some new pure blood brought in.

I rather incline to the opinion that Plymouth Rock hens are best at one year old, for after that even with moderate feeding, they are apt to grow very fleshy and become totally unfit for breeding purposes. The Leghorn hens, on the other hand, may be kept with profit for several years.

Unless one has all the necessary conveniences, it is not well to try to keep a large number of chickens all the year round. They are very apt to contract disease when crowded together in close

quarters. Our plan is to have all the hatching done during the four months of April, May, June and July. After that, every hen that is found upon her nest at closing-up time is put for two days into solitary confinement, where she can see the other fowls picking about, if possible, but will be unable to get to them. She is well fed and watered, though—not starved, according to the practice of some of my neighbors; for the better order she is kept in, the sooner will she again begin laying.

In the fall, the stock is carefully inspected; a number of handsome Brown Leghorn hens set apart for winter laying, another certain number of purest looking Plymouth Rock hens selected for breeding purposes next spring, and a third lot, usually of Plymouth Rock hens more than one year old, is destined for the table during winter.

Next spring we shall probably get a new set of Plymouth Rock cockerels, and during the season perhaps a few settings of eggs of each breed. Our chickens are remarkably healthy and very prolific, which we think is due to the fact that the stock is changed very often, the house and yard kept as clean as possible, and special attention paid to providing them a variety of suitable food. Our table is liberally supplied with poultry at all seasons, and last winter we had eggs both to sell and to keep, while our neighbors went a-begging.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.
Oakville, Ky.

THE men who get through the most work are those who never seem to be busy, while those who have a morbid habit of being busy and never have a moment's leisure are the worst of time wasters.

A New Method of Glazing Sash.

It is well known that all glass now (both in portable sashes and fixed greenhouses) is simply imbedded in putty and kept in place by glazier's points, no putty being now used on top, as was formerly done. It has been found that when the glass lays on the sash-bar thus imbedded the putty soon rots and wears out, and water gets in and not only loosens the glass but rots the bar as well. A most simple plan to obviate this is to pour along the junction of the bar with the glass a thin line of white lead in oil, over which is shaken dry white sand. This hardens and makes a cement that effectually checks all leakage. It is quickly done. I have seen glass, so cemented, that has stood for ten years more without further repair. This plan, which is but little known as yet, is of the greatest importance; had I known of it thirteen years ago, I would have saved many thousands of dollars in repairing, besides having the plants under this water-tight glazing in better condition.—PETER HENDERSON.

CHINA.

A country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women have no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is at the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.—*Exchange.*

GATHERED CRUMBS.

IT should be the aim of every farmer to grow stock that will sell. Turning the product into cash is, after all, the test of value. Cattle or horses that cannot be sold when a surplus is on hand are very unprofitable, as they are constant consumers, and if not producing something marketable soon make a loss. It is as necessary for the farmer to study the market and its probable future demands as for the business man. Producers are apt to follow a lead until the market is overstocked, and it is only the shrewdest ones who see the drift of things and get out of the popular line of production and into another before the market is glutted.

The "plug" horse must go as well as the "scrub" cow. He is not wanted in any market, and is unprofitable to the owner, unless he is satisfied to keep him and wear him out at hard labor. While there is a fair demand for stock of superior breeding, there is no market whatever for undersized, under-bred horses. This fact ought to retire a large number of stock horses, which have more or less patronage from thoughtless farmers. There are now, in nearly every neighborhood in the Northwest, plenty of good sires, especially of the draft breeds, the use of which will insure salable stock of the horse kind. After the farmer has decided what kind to breed, he should then make certain of the use of the best sire accessible of that kind.—*Northwestern Agriculturist.*

W. K. LEWIS of Boston received the first patent for canning beans, in 1857. They are canned with four to six ounces of salt pork in each can of one and one-half pints. Nearly all the baked beans in Boston are put up by one firm, which handles annually five million cans. These cans are retailed at from fifteen to twenty cents each. The canning firm sells them

at \$1.15 to \$1.40 per dozen cans. Travellers find these Boston baked beans for sale in Constantinople and St. Petersburg —indeed, in almost all parts of the world.

“Fried sparrow is good eating, I tell you,” was the remark of a business man this morning. “I have a neighbor who shoots English sparrows with an air-gun. He dresses the birds and then fries them as you would a spring chicken. The flesh is firm, yet tender and sweet. I don’t ask anything better for breakfast than a plate of fried sparrows.”

A farmer can live happier in his old house, out of debt, than he can in a new, fine one with a mortgage on it. A family can worship more devotedly going to church in a farm wagon, when they are not afraid of any creditor meeting them, than to go in a fine carriage with a chattel mortgage on the horses, subject to be foreclosed at any time.

DON’T make the mistake of starting in the fancy poultry business with too many varieties. One is enough. Bottle up your enthusiasm and make it last as long as possible. There are many rough places on the road to success, and if you explode all your eagerness at once there is a chance that your fondest hopes will never be realized. Make haste slowly and the way will be smoother.

THE cost of preserving a given crop as ensilage does not materially differ from curing the same crop by drying in a suitable season, but crops can be siloed and preserved in seasons when they would be lost if drying were attempted.

PROF. SANBORN thinks that seventeen pounds of good oat straw and three pounds of cotton-seed meal are worth as much as twenty-five pounds of good hay for feeding steers.

The Potato Contest.

With many others we have been interested in the contest of the *Rural New Yorker* and the *Farm Journal*, where a \$50 forfeit was dependent upon the former raising at the rate of 700 bushels of potatoes to the acre. The *Rural New Yorker* raised 583 bushels and lost. This however did not result from their trench system of cultivation; but from the destructive ravages of the flea-beetle, which they were unable to master. One kind of potatoes, (No. 2), which the beetle did not reach, produced at the rate of 1076 bushels to the acre.

Poultry Show.

Annual Exhibition of the Frederick Poultry Club, Jan. 10-15-1889. Leslie Cramer, Secretary.

Now that the rash of the summer work is somewhat over, we desire to call attention to some matters looking forward to profitable work for the fall months, and through the winter. Write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do a grand work, which can be made a permanent thing.

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this year. We would like to commence
our next quarter of a century with all back
subscriptions settled.

Reader, can you not help us?

A \$30. Scholarship in the Eaton & Bur-
nett Business College may be had cheap
at the Maryland Farmer Office.

THANKSGIVING.

This month is that in which the time honored custom of annual thanksgiving is celebrated.

Instead of any extended enumeration of benefits and blessings, we give an illustration which will speak louder than words.

Grateful for the mercies of the past year, let all those families who can do so, in sweet reunion gather around the festive board and enjoy the bounties which have been provided; thus recognizing the hand that has placed us in this land of peace and plenty.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Why should not everyone take advantage of the conditions of life, so that whenever a real good can be obtained, it may add to the happiness and joy of living?

We should live, in a large measure, for the enjoyment of life's comforts and the blessings of bettering our surroundings.

When life is all spent in toil, it soon becomes a weary affair and we look upon it as hardly worth the trouble of prolonging it.

Whenever, then, we can add improvements to our life, let us do it. It is not the part of wisdom to be continually grinding out our existence to hoard up dollars, while our surroundings remain desolate of refinement, and the sources of happiness dwindle into nothingness.

Perhaps nothing will show more perfectly the disposition to make life contribute to the real pleasure of ourselves and our families than the furnishing of our homes, and to this end we should certainly appropriate some thought.

Look through this magazine and see what opportunities may be had from those who advertise, for adding to the pleasures and comforts of home.

Everything in the way of carpets and

rugs, oilcloths and all the various articles connected with floor and stair use may be had of McDowell & Co.

Mohler & Hurlbutt will supply all the finest decorations in window shades, curtains, draperies, or whatever is needed in that line. We know their goods to be as advertised from personal trial.

If fine work for mantles, grates or fire place adornments are needed, there is the reliable firm of Riddle & Williams.

If musical instruments can add to your life's happiness there is the accomodating house of R. W. Gale, and you will find this a pleasant house with which to deal.

These things all belong to the home, its improvement and comfort, and make our lives more and more like the lives of human beings of large thought, as they are gradually brought into our possession.

If paint is needed do not forget to use it and you will find it in the advertisement of A. Young & Son, in all its great variety.

If you desire jewelry, no better places than Welsh & Bro., or J. S. MacDonald, or A. E. Warner can be found in any City.

We are certainly proud to be able to give you such houses as may be found in our pages, for they represent the old and responsible firms of Baltimore. What more substantial house can be found in our land than the marble statuary and marble furniture house of Hugh Sisson & Sons? And it is the same with all.

In making improvements, therefore, you can confidently consult our pages, and will find a pleasant welcome and the very best of treatment.

Hay Presses at the Centennial Exposition, Cincinnati, Ohio. 1888.

We are just in receipt of information that the Whitman Agricultural Co. of St. Louis, Mo., were awarded the 1st Prize Silver Medal on their Horse Lever, Hay, Straw and Wool, Press; also 1st Prize

Silver Medal on their Belt Power or Steam Press for same purposes over all competitors. This company have had most wonderful success with their presses throughout this country, and in foreign lands, where they have received numerous medals. The above well-known company will cheerfully furnish any information required in regard to Presses.

is the Palace of Liberal Arts, and on the left the fine Palace of Fine Arts. Large gardens occupy the centre of the square, and at the back is the main building, or the gallery of machines as it is called. The Esplanade of Invalides is reserved for the products of the French colonies. The buildings are magnificent structures of glass and iron, lighted by electricity and fitted with every modern convenience.

PARIS EXPOSITION 1889.

May 5—October 31.

We have received the official announcements of regulations from W. B. Franklin, Commissioner-General, 35 Wall St., N. Y., government commission on American Exhibits. The following will give the principal points; but those proposing to exhibit will do well to communicate with the Commissioner General.

"No charge for space occupied by exhibitors. The commission will forward and return all articles received free of freight charges.

Goods of exhibitors who are unable to go to Paris or send representatives; will be cared for free of all expense, except that of unpacking and repacking. There will be no duties to pay except on goods that are sold or consumed. The French regulations state that all objects exhibited will be protected against piracy of inventions or designs.

The buildings for the exposition are now nearly completed. They occupy the Champ-de-Mars and the Trocadero Palace and park on the banks of the Seine. In the park at the entrance to the exposition on the Champ-de-Mars the wonderful Eiffel Tower is now in course of erection. It is to be entirely of iron and 1,000 feet in height. Its object is to show the triumph of modern engineering skill. It will be furnished with an elevator of American manufacture. On the right of the tower

THE FAIR'S MAGNITUDE.

It is expected that the total number of exhibitors from all countries will reach 30,000; it is estimated that 12,000,000 persons will enter the grounds and buildings. Some idea of the magnitude of the exhibition may be gained from the fact that the total area of buildings and enclosed grounds which is to be lighted by electricity, is 3,000,000 square feet. The space allotted to the United States is about 75,000 square feet. An exhibit from this country fully equal to that of 1878 is expected, and it is hoped that it will be much larger. There are numerous lines of industry that need new markets for their goods, and this exhibition will afford them an opportunity for foreign display."

For the Maryland Farmer.

FARM GARDENING, No. 2.

BY FRANCIS SANDERSON.

One of the most important points in gardening is to have all ground that is to be devoted to raising any such crops as these, deeply and thoroughly plowed in the Fall.

The freezing and thawing going on all winter will pulverize the soil much better than any harrow can do, and that free of all cost.

Each fall the ground should (if possible) be ploughed a little deeper so that an inch or two of the sub-soil may be brought up

to be acted upon by the freezing. The ground should be ploughed in lands of ten spaces wide and the furrows opened at each end; by its being ploughed thus these lands can be worked a week or ten days before land ploughed flat can be worked.

On Long Island where gardening is carried on most systematically and under heavy expense, as competition is very great, all lands for the early Spring crops such as peas, beets, lettuce and early potatoes are not only ploughed, but the manure is placed in the rows and these rows are covered again with a furrow over each side so that at the earliest moment the seeds may be put in the following Spring.

After the garden ground is ploughed the next most important step is to rake up all the manure that labor and money can secure. It may be necessary to buy considerable but at the same time I find that much may be gathered from the head-rows and woods, and these mixed with the bought manure, and if a bag or two bags of good bone dust was mixed through each heap it will improve the quality very much! I have used for several seasons bone dust mixed in this way and this compost spread along the furrows in the spring with most excellent results—especially for potatoes.

The New York gardeners have found out how to economize in this respect very much. They have divided their farms, consisting mostly of 50 or 60 acres each, into three parts: one part will be seeded in the month of August heavily to rye, using three bushels of rye and six hundred pounds of bone dust per acre. This rye will be turned under in the spring and corn planted for the use of the farm. The second third will be worked close and planted to garden truck; and the last third will produce the hay for home use, as well as furnish a rich sod to plough down in the early fall for the garden crops the next

year. By so managing they have plenty of feed; the land is kept in better tilth and with far less expense, and then they have their garden crops to sell. If the markets are high they do very well, and if low (having most of their home supplies) they do not feel the loss so much.

Some such management as this I think would be of great use to many of us and it should be heeded. I practice it and I know it is a good plan. I am a great believer in raising all the supplies on the farm that it may be possible to do, both for the household and for the stable, and then set to work on some crop, that the farm is capable of raising to perfection, to produce the money crop.

To anyone just starting in the business I would say first commence on a small scale—and start in with some such crop as potatoes or corn, these can be managed and if prices are low they can be held for a rise. While these are being worked other crops can be studied up and also the markets in your vicinity, or in the larger cities.

I have seen many a young man embark without any practical experience in this business and lose heavily before finding out the secret of management. Hand and head work must go together if success is to be found.

Physical Vigor.

A paragraph in the *Scientific American* gives illustrations of the statement that the heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. It says: "The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant

works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The coolie fed on rice is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat."

For the Maryland Farmer.

FERTILIZERS—TARIFF.

Editor Maryland Farmer.—In your last number my old friend, T. R. Crane, has told your readers many interesting facts regarding his success with the plain acid phosphates; but in doing so has neglected to urge in conjunction with it a proper condition of the soil to secure the full benefit of its application. Many experiments have proven that to see the full benefit of a fertilizer, the soil must have a due share of vegetable mould or humus in it. It is a well known fact that long tillage will exhaust the land of this important mechanical as well as chemical agent, so important to secure a productive, fertile soil. I have found, in the absence of a supply of barn yard material, there is nothing to take the place of turning under a green crop—be it clover, rye or weeds—to form the humus. And why a green crop is better than dry straw, will be told further on. As I have stated before, when this mould disappears from the soil by oxidation—i. e. burnt out by a slow combustion—the sand and clay settle down into a mass of dead mineral matter, and in this condition an application of a fertilizer will often fail to give profitable results; otherwise there would be no excuse for a poor field or farm when a good acid phosphate can be secured at \$15. per ton. A letter from a friend in Virginia, written after reading Mr. Crane's communication, states that he was not able to see

any benefit from the application of a car load of super-phosphates. To him I must say, turn under a crop of green matter and watch the result.

This brings me to the point promised, why green matter is better and quicker than dry straw, corn-stalks, etc. First, let me state that matter exists in four forms; first, elementary, such as metals; secondly, as minerals or oxides, as sand, clay, water, nitric-acid, ammonia, etc; thirdly, as carbon hydrates, such as sugar, starch, and woody matters; and fourthly, as nitrogenous matter, the latter containing a small portion of nitrogen as is found in gluten, casins, albumen, and other allied compounds. We know the former compounds are permanent ones—i. e. do not pass into other compounds by the presence of heat, air and water, as do the third and fourth compounds spoken of. In the compounds with nitrogen, no chemical affinity exists, in the absence of vital force; hence at this season is seen the turning of the leaves, the nitrogen escaping by the loss of the chlorophyle, or green matter, which has the nitrogen in it, caused by the loss of heat, the roots no longer being capable of furnishing the organized sap. The leaves, die pass to woody matter, and drop, and in time pass to the usual organized acids found in all decaying woody matter. Every one knows if hay is put in the loft too green—i. e., with too much water in it, it soon ferments and sours, and in time is ruined for all feeding purposes; whilst sand or clay will never change. The turning under of green matter containing the natural water and nitrogen, soon ferments and the first freed element is nitrogen, which is absorbed by the soil; the second is carbonic acid, which is also retained by the soil; and lastly, the usual organic acids make their appearance, which are mingled with the others in the form of humic acid, etc. This latter not only acts mechanically, but

absorbs the usual gases found in the falling rain and retains them; while all organic acids act on minerals and render mineral matter soluble in water, and in this condition it must enter and pass through the cells of plants without the aid of vitriol. This resolution and change of vegetable matter takes place quicker in all nitrogenous compounds; hence it will be seen that turning under of a green crop, gives a quicker start to the chemical result that follows, and thereby imparts the necessary motion to sand and clay. Often the latter have every mineral necessary for a fertile soil, and this will explain why a poor barren knoll can be made productive by simply covering with chips, straw, etc., allowing them to decay and pass to the organic acids. The dark liquor often seen passing from a pile of straw or barn yard pile, is colored by some of the acids formed being soluble. If possible, this soluble acid should be secured and directed to the land instead of being washed to the nearest ditch or creek, for it is valuable as a chemical agent. Litmus paper will always prove it to be an acid, no matter how sweet the material may be from which it comes, and this condition seems to be one of the necessary agents to make sand and clay fertile, and can only be secured from plants—be they simple moss or trees.

Another reason may explain the failure of a phosphate even when the mould may be present. The absence of lime or potash may be equally fatal as the absence of carbonaceous matter—the latter term embracing all carbon hydrates. When the former is needed I have seen most excellent results from the application of powdered shell dust which presents lime in the form of a pure carbonate, into which condition all burnt lime passes soon after it leaves the kiln when exposed to the air; hence I cannot see the use of burning unless to

secure the powder from stone lime or shells, when they are slackened.

So much regarding the portion of Mr. C's letter which I can endorse.

On the other portion I have a word to say.

Mr. C. makes a heavy hit upon manufacturers, who, he claims, are protected by an oppressive tariff which robs the farmer by extra prices, etc. As an old dry goods man and importer of goods, as Mr. C. was formerly, I ask him whether he can name a single article of American manufacture but what is cheaper to-day than when we had low tariff? I have a bill before me purchased of Mr. Crane during that time, of imported goods, and to-day every item can be purchased cheaper and better of home production; and if there is a good profit to the maker I claim it is better to build up a rich home manufacturer than an English one, for the capital stays home. In those days of low tariff everything in the way of pottery-ware for table and chamber came from foreign lands, as many will remember when we had the English crates blocking up our streets. Now everything in this line is made in our own country and fifty per cent cheaper than they were in low tariff times. The point gained is, the English no longer have a monopoly to compel us to pay them their own prices. They can no longer sell us Rail Road iron at \$100. and over per ton, when our own works can furnish a better article at \$30. As regards Hardware when everything was English, we paid at least double for locks, hinges, screws, cutlery, iron and steel. The same may be said of everything the farmer uses from a stocking to an overcoat. My first mower cost a hundred dollars, my second one less than sixty, and a far better machine. The saws manufactured by Disston are far better and cheaper than when we depended upon England for them and it is a well known fact that saws and many other articles

made of iron and steel are sold largely to England and from there sent to other countries. Who hears to-day anything about English watches? American watches are *far cheaper* and better than England ever made. A Waltham watch can be purchased to-day for fifteen dollars with hunting case and stem winder that will keep better time than those that came from England costing more than double as much.

I could go on and name hundreds of other articles of home production that are better and cheaper than when everything was "Henglish." These facts explain why we have visible in our country seven hundred millions of coin which makes our paper money equal to its face value in gold throughout the commercial world, while in low tariff times it was necessary to purchase a note detector weekly to know whether our wild cat bank notes were worth the paper they were printed on. Every half dime, dime, quarter, half and dollar were collected in New York and shipped to England to pay for goods now produced in our own country. In 1853 Congress debased our coin to keep it in the country by calling 391 grains of silver when coined into fractions of a dollar a legal tender for five dollars, and to this day a half dollar and two quarters has 20 grains less silver in them than a silver dollar. Protection has had much to do in introducing this state of things by giving a fair profit in home made articles, until now improved labor-saving machinery enables us to compete with the cheap labor of Europe.

A. P. S.

Baltimore, Md.

THE apple industry in this country is a greater one than many people suppose. The United States sends 1,000,000 barrels of apples every year to foreign nations.

SOME BIG TAX-PAYERS IN NEW YORK.

On the 3d of October, 1887, Receiver of Taxes George W. McLean received from the Consolidated Gas Company, \$223,310; estate of W. H. Vanderbilt, \$171,124; New York Central Railroad, \$343,613; Mutual Life-insurance Company, \$52,984; Standard Oil Company, \$28,709; estate of Robert Goelet, \$107,396; John Jacob Astor, \$235,040; William Astor, \$170,000. Real estate owned by the city rarely comes into market, nor is it available to any great extent for reduction of taxation. In 1871 A. J. Bleeker, A. H. Mulle, and Cortlandt Palmer were appointed by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to appraise all the real property belonging to the city and county of New York. This they did, including parks, public buildings, station and engine houses, wharves, docks, markets, etc., and estimated the value of the whole at \$544,000,000, basing the estimate on the number of lots, 25 by 100 feet, into which it might be divided. Central Park, together with Manhattan Square, on which is the Seventh Regiment Armory, was appraised at \$73,275,000; Madison Square at \$2,253,000; Union Square, \$2,290,000; Washington Square, \$2,230,000; and Reservoir Square at \$1,342,000. In 1887 the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments estimated the value of the city property in New York exempt from taxation at \$190,841,130; that of the United States at \$16,550,000; of the churches at \$42,230,300; and of schools, charities, etc., at \$34,231,620—a grand total of \$283,853,050.—*Harper for Nov.*

The *Horticultural Art Journal* stands at the very head of all periodicals in the world in the department chosen by it for illustration. Rochester, N. Y., \$3.00 a year.



THE QUEST.

THE QUEST.

There was once a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, Oh, let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple-tree."
"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple-tree."
So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he;
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple-tree.
Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free,
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said "Sweet mother, from east to west
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple-tree."—*St. Nicholas.*

THE MISSING PAGES.

"Have a paper sir? Something to read
in the train, ma'am? Times, Herald, Sun.
All the magazines!"

But the people hurried past John's little
stand into the station, as they had done all

the morning. Only two papers sold, and
here was noon! Profit two cents. On
sunny days, his sales were pretty brisk; but
it was drizzling. The thick air was full
of falling soot, and nobody cared to stop
to buy.

"No wonder they want to hurry out of
this horrible place," muttered John, look-
ing about at the wet, dingy houses, the
pools of black mud through which the
horses tramped, and clouds of smoke roll-
ing through the streets. He thought of
the sunny farm on which he was born, and
felt that he never could grow used to this
place. Two cents profit! Not enough to
buy a loaf of bread.

John thought of his mother, and of the
scanty breakfast which they had eaten to-
gether in their bare garret, with its
windows opening on the sooty roofs. If he
could but have a good trade, he might have
carried a nice little treat home to her. But
the crowd hurried past, and nobody
stopped.

"Magazine, ma'am? Something to read
on"—

The lady stopped. "Ah, your books are
dirty!" she said, dropping the sooty maga-
zine with a shrug.

As if he could help that! But he began
blowing away the soot for the twentieth
time that day. It was four years since
his father died, and he and his mother had
come down to town; and in that time he
had done nothing but fight weekly against
soot and starvation.

He opened one of the story papers for
boys. There was a sea story in it: a boy
goes off in the first chapter as a stowaway;
in the third, "the gallant lad leaped upon
the deck, and the commodore clasped him

in his arms!" On the next page was an account of a boy going home from work, who arrived in time to scale the walls of a burning house and rescue a child, for which daring act he was the next day taken into partnership by the child's father, a millionaire.

"Some fellows have such splendid chances!" said John, laying down the book with a sigh. "Now I've been here for years, and nothing grand or noble ever turns up for me to do. Buy twenty-five papers daily; sell them—if I can. On Saturdays, buy the weeklies; once a month, the magazines. That's the heft of it, year in, year out. How's a fellow to make a living at that sort of work?"

An old gentleman who had missed the train sauntered up, and began idly looking over the boy's stock.

John watched him anxiously. If he should buy one of the six bound books! Profit on each was a quarter of a dollar! If he should buy one of those, he could take home a little treat to mother, after all.

The boy's eyes fairly glistened. For, besides being fond of his mother, he was hungry; and the smell of fried oysters and coffee from the stall near was almost more than he could bear.

The old gentleman took up one of the books. John thought he was certainly going to buy one. What should the treat be? A bit of fresh meat? A mince pie? He decided that steak would be the best.

"Ah! here is a book which I have wanted for a long time," said the gentleman. "What's the price of this, my boy?"

"Those are one dollar each, sir."

"I'll take this. No, you needn't wrap it up. I'll read it in the train."

He laid down a bright new dollar.

John could almost smell the delicious steak, and he thought of his mother's thin, starved face. They had not tasted meat

for days. But a glance at the book, as the gentleman dropped it into his satchel, caused him to say faintly:—

"Stop, sir! I did not see which one you had taken. That is an imperfect copy. There are four leaves missing in the middle."

"Too bad!"—throwing it down. "The money, please."

"Will none of the others suit?" said John.

"No. I have wanted this book for some time."

"You can have it at half-price," said John, eagerly.

"I don't want a mutilated copy at all."

John handed him back the money; and, closing his satchel, the man walked on a few steps, and sat down in an open doorway to wait for his train. He was a ruddy, fat old gentleman, with a kindly, shrewd blue eye. Having nothing to do, he thought the occurrence over leisurely.

"That's an honest lad," he said to the proprietor of the store in which he stood. "He might have cheated me just now, but he did not."

"Who? John M'Tavish? As honest as steel. He's been under my eye now for four years, and I know him to be as truthful a lad as ever was born of Scotch blood."

"Um, um!" said the old gentleman. But he put on his spectacles, and eyed John from head to foot.

The next day he stopped at the same shop, and walked up to the proprietor.

"How's he for intelligence, now?" he began, as if the conversation had stopped the moment before. "Stupid probably?"

"I don't think he's very sharp in trade," was the reply; "but he's a very handy boy. He has made a good many convenient knick-knacks for the neighbors,—that book-shelf, for instance."

"Why, that's the very thing I want in a

boy ! Well, there's my train. Good-day, sir."

"He'll be back again. Odd old fellow!" said the storekeeper, laughing.

The next day he was back, and he came at the same hour.

"I like that boy's looks, sir. I've been watching him. But of course he has a dozen relations—drunken father, rag-tag brothers—who would follow him?"

"No. He has only a mother; and she is a decent, God-fearing Scotchwoman,—a good seamstress, John tells me, but can get no work. Times are dull here just now. Pity the country folks will pour into the cities. Mrs. M'Tavish has nothing but what the boy earns at his stand yonder."

The old gentleman made no reply. But the next day he went up to the boy's stand. John was looking pale and anxious. Some of his regular customers had refused to take their magazines, times being so hard. They would be a dead loss on his hands.

"Paper? Magazines, sir?" he asked.

"No. A word with you, my lad. My name is Bohnn. I am the owner of the Bordale Nurseries, about thirty miles from here. I want a young man to act as clerk and salesman on the grounds, at a salary of thirty dollars a month, and a woman who will be strict and orderly, to oversee the girls who pack flower seeds, at twenty dollars a month. I offer the positions to you and your mother, and I give you until to-morrow to think it over."

"But you—you don't know me, sir!" gasped John.

"I know you very well. I generally know what I am about. To-morrow be ready to give your answer. I will take you four weeks on trial. If I am satisfied, the engagement will be renewed for a year."

All the rest of the day, John felt like one in a dream. Everybody had heard of

the Bordale Nurseries and of good old Isaac Bohnn, their owner. But what had he done, that this earthly paradise should be open to him?

"You'll come, eh?" said Mr. Bohnn, the next day. "Thought you would. When can you begin work?"

"At once, sir."

"Good! By the way, there's a vacant house on the grounds which your mother can have, rent free, if she remains with me. A mere box, but big enough. There's my cart. Suppose you come out, M'Tavish, and look about you. You can come back at night."

John locked up the stand, sent a message to his mother, and went with Mr. Bohnn. He had not yet told his mother of this change in their affairs.

He was very silent when he came home that evening, but oddly tender with his mother; and she noticed that he remained a long time on his knees at prayer that night. They had only a little bread and milk for breakfast the next morning, and John scarcely tasted it.

"You look as if you could not bear this much longer, mother," he said, coming up to her, and putting his hands on her shoulder, "You need good wholesome meals and the fresh air and the trees instead of this!"—looking out at the piled stacks of chimneys belching forth the black smoke of an iron foundry.

"Don't talk of them, John, lad!"

"Well, I won't." And he put on his hat, and went out.

An hour later he came back.

"What is wrong? Why have you left the stand?" asked his mother, in alarm.

"We are going to have an outing, mother. Don't say a word. I can afford it."

She had never seen the boy so full of excitement. He hurried her to the station; and soon they were gliding among beautiful rolling hills and across lovely meadows

that were sweet with the odor of new-mown hay. At noon, they came to stretches of rising ground, covered with nurseries of young trees of delicate green, and with vineyards, and field after field of roses, mignonette, and all kinds of sweet-smelling flowers.

"Why, John, this is fairyland! What is this place?"

"The Bordale Nurseries. We will get out here, mother. I want to show you a house that"—

He trembled with agitation. His face was pale, as he led her down to the side of the broad, glancing river, near which was nestled in the woods a cosy little cottage, covered with a beautiful creeper. There were a garden, a well, and a paddock for a cow. Inside, the rooms were clean and ready for furnishing. The river rippled drowsily against its pebbly shore. The birds darted through the blue, sunny air. The scent of roses came in upon the breeze.

"Mother," said John, "this, I hope, will be your home now." And with that he began to laugh and caper about her like a boy, but the tears rolled down his thin cheeks.

John M'Tavish is now foreman of the Bordale Nurseries, and a man of high standing in the country. Not long ago, he said to old Mr. Bohnn.—

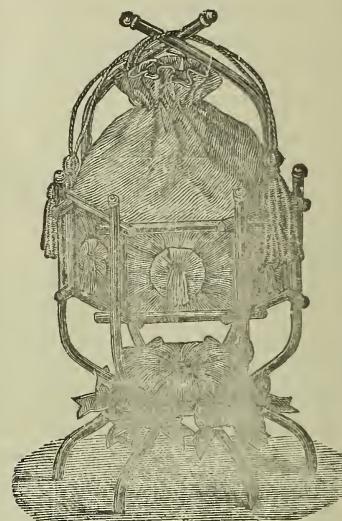
"I owe this all to a friend who said a good word for me that day in Pittsburg."

"No, John," said the old man: "yon owe it to the book with the missing pages. The chance came to yon as it comes to every boy, to be honest. Honesty and industry, John, are what did it; and I am inclined to think that they never fail to command success in the end."—[Selected.]

LADIES WORK-STAND.

The skeleton of the work-stand we have illustrated is made of rattan. The squares

between the rods should be covered with green, plaited silk, which is drawn together and either fastened with a button or a small rosette and a flat tassel. The bag, for the reception of embroidery or other fancy work, is made of green silk, drawn together by a green cord, at the end of which is a tassel of the same color. To hide the



LADIES WORK-STAND.

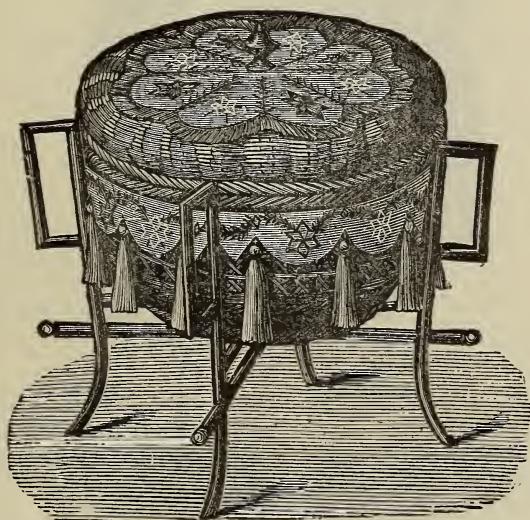
joints of the rods, a scarf of green ribbon is put at each juncture. In the lower part of the stand is a pin cushion, which is made in the same style as the filling-in of the squares above, and also drawn and held together with a button.

MEXICAN WORK BASKET.

Ladies who have leisure are able to beautify their homes in simple and inexpensive ways with their own fingers. We give an illustration of a Mexican work basket, which may be easily made as follows: Purchase a covered basket woven of soft Mexican rushes if possible, and of a pretty shade of yellow. Cut a piece of scarlet cloth the shape of the pattern, and

embroider it with silk of various colors, in large Mexican stitch, upon and around the edge. The valance around the basket is also of scarlet cloth and similarly ornamented. This fashion of embroidery is rapidly superseding those interminable designs of Berlin work, as it is showier, easier, and takes but little time. The appliques may be cut in any pattern and of various colors, out of velvet, cloth, silk, or satin, and caught down with buttonhole stitch. The Mexican embroidery is in

with shaded Germantown yarn (from pink to brown is very pretty), and proceed to wrap the pieces of pasteboard. Insert the needle through the perforation and fasten the yarn at the edge of the pasteboard with a button-hole stitch; continue so until it is entirely covered. After you have them all covered take sixteen of them and join in form of a diamond; then take the remaining ten and join in a half diamond; take this and place on the whole diamond, point to point, and sew the edges together;



MEXICAN WORK BASKET.

large loose stitches, and can be copied from the illustration. The frame of the basket is of gilt sticks, but a rustic frame would be much prettier, and is within the compass of any one possessing a particle of ingenuity.

PRETTY WALL-POCKET.

Take pasteboard and cut twenty-six round pieces two and one-half inches in diameter, and exactly in the center of each make a perforation about one-fourth of an inch in diameter; thread a darning needle

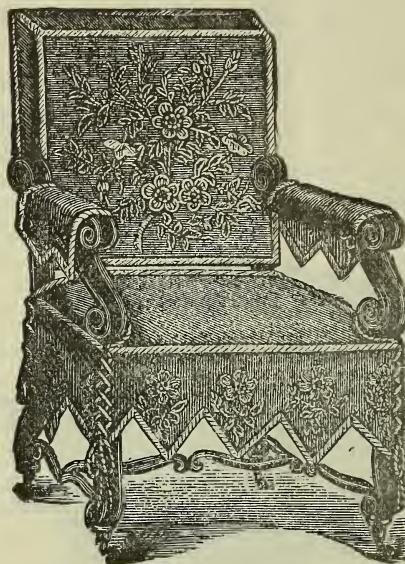
that forms a pocket. It is now completed. Hang in a corner, and you will be pleased with it.

In papering a wall for the first time, it is important that, after being dusted, the walls be well-wiped down with damp cloths, frequently renewed, previous to applying the paper. If this precaution be neglected, the almost imperceptibly fine dust will be collected by the damp paste, giving the paper a streaked dirty appearance, which no after treatment can efface.

EMBROIDERED CHAIR COVER.

Embroidered slips are much used now instead of chintz covers for chairs. They can be made of thin woolen material, or of

be, and cut the material then. There are no two chairs exactly alike in shape, and it will be found far more easy to fit them in this way. The seams and edges are



EMBROIDERED CHAIR COVER.

linen. When of wool they are embroidered with crewels.

The better way to have the covers fit nicely, is to lay the material on the chair, pin it in places to hold it firmly, and lay the plaits and seams just where they should

bound with braid, and the corners are laced down with cords. The caps for the arms are fastened with buttons and button-holes.



RECIPES.

Tomato Catsup.

Mrs. Brown.—I made my tomato catsup yesterday. The family pronounce it "very good." The following is the recipe I used: Select ripe, sound tomatoes, cut in slices and boil until the pulp is cooked soft. Put through a sieve to take out the skins and

seeds, and replace in the kettle for cooking. To each gallon of pulp add 3 level tablespoonfuls each of salt, pepper and mustard, and 1 of allspice. The spices should be mixed in $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of vinegar, then stirred smoothly into the tomato pulp. Cook for 3 hours. When done it should be just thick enough to run slowly from a bottle. When cold, bottle and seal.

Emergency Pie.

Mrs. Harris.—Sometimes we are without fruit, and something is needed to complete the dinner. I have a recipe for a pie that the children have named “emergency pie,” from my having to use it on such occasions. I find, however, every person likes it: One teacupful of flour, 2 eggs, 1 heaping tablespoonful of sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cupful of melted butter. Take sugar, butter, eggs and flour and beat them well together, and bake in one crust like a custard.

To Cook Egg-Plant.

Mrs. Ligthener.—Take the egg off the vine when soft. Cut in thin slices and sprinkle with salt, about an hour before cooking, then drain well, wipe with a cloth and boil until tender enough to mash like potatoes, make very smooth, add 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, salt and pepper. Turn into a baking dish, cover the top with bread crumbs and bake half an hour.

Fried Egg-Plant.

Mrs. Hurd.—Parboil for 15 minutes in salt and water, then drain carefully. When ready to use, dip in the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and fry brown in butter. Season with pepper and salt. They must be sent to the table hot.

A Breakfast Dish.

Mrs. Carson.—I find a nice way to use remnants of beef and ham is this: Put in a stew-pan $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream or milk, a little chopped beef or ham, pepper and salt. When quite hot put in 2 eggs well beaten; stir all the time until the mixture becomes quite thick. Have ready a slice of bread, toasted and buttered, spread the mixture on the toast, and send it to the table very hot. We usually have it at breakfast, but sometimes I find it very nice for supper.—*Prairie Farmer.*

THE STATE FAIR.

The State Fair was held at Hagerstown, Md. This was the largest fair of the season, and the attendance ran up as high as 30,000 on Thursday. As usual the management, provided agreeable entertainments and everyone went away with the feeling that they had been well repaid for the time spent on the grounds.

Great Offer.

As a premium for one new subscriber, or, for an old subscriber paying a year in advance, we will send “Green’s Fruit Grower” one year, and also Green’s five books on fruit culture bound in one volume, viz: 1. Apple and Pear Culture, 2. Plum and Cherry Culture, 3. Raspberry and Blackberry Culture, 4. Grape Culture, 5. Strawberry Culture. Show this great offer to your neighbors. Profit by it yourself. Address The Maryland Farmer, Baltimore, Md., enclosing \$1.

AMERICAN LIVE STOCK SHOW.

Chicago, Nov. 13-24.

The Premium List for the 11th annual Fat Stock Show and Live Stock Show to be held in the exposition building, Chicago, Nov. 13—24, is at hand. It is a complete list of directions for all competitors in the exhibition and should be in the hands of every exhibitor.

FREDERICK COUNTY FAIR.

The Frederick Co. Fair, being held on the same days as the Harford Co. Fair, we were unable to attend it as we had desired, but reports came to us that are very flattering to its managers. We hope next year to have a representative on the grounds.

CECIL COUNTY FAIR.

The Cecil Co., Agricultural Society held a very successful Fair on their grounds at Elkton Md., Oct. 2-5. The attendance was very large, and the exhibits were many and fine. All departments were well filled, but the Household, Fruit and Floral department deserve special mention. Our representative spent the four days very pleasantly.

HARFORD COUNTY FAIR.

The Twenty-third Annual Fair was held at Bel Air, October 9-12. The attendance was very good and the exhibition fully up to the average of previous years. Our representative had the pleasure of meeting many of the substantial farmers of Harford Co. on the grounds and was glad to see the general interest shown by them in the exhibition.

WOOD ashes, where available, are the cheapest fertilizer for fruit trees. In their absence, bone manure three parts, and muriate of potash (German salts) of high grade, one part, have the strong indorsement of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

MAJOR ALVORD says that sweet ensilage is a misnomer, but acidity seems no fault, as the cows do not object to it.

Books, Catalogues, &c.

"Adam and Eve in a Garden," Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., Cushings & Bailey, Baltimore, Md. Cloth, \$1.50. We have read with a large degree of enjoyment this delightful story of pleasant labor and success; and to those who have not had the pleasure, we promise a season of tranquil and peaceful contentment while read-

ing it. It is one of those books which leave on the mind only good influences, and from the reading of which we go away with a better appreciation of the many sources of real success within the reach of every industrious and honorable man, woman, or child.

From the same—Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., Cushings & Bailey, Baltimore, Md.—we have received four volumes of the "Good Company" Series, viz: "Wishing Cap Papers" by Leigh Hunt; "Fireside Saints" by Douglas Jerold; "Broken Lights," and "Religious Duty," by Frances Power Cobbe. Each of these bound in read cloth, attractive to the eye and welcome to the lover of good things, .50c. each.

Lecture, by J. H. Gilbert, at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, Eng., on the Growth of Root Crops.



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SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES
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